

# Kumpang Economy

Simon Seisho Tajiri

How much you going eat from one banana tree?

Manong he spock em first.

“Ho, yellow already! The bird coming!”

Cut the tree, call the daughter:

*Here, for your father.*

One hand banana. Gone.

She bring back four egg.

Breakfast.

Was too tall the tree, wen borrow ladder.

One noddah hand banana. Gone.

Lunchtime. My name hurled over the hollow tile wall.

*Hoy! I make soup!*

Kamote-leaf, sibuyas, pipinola, kamatis, talong.

Coming over the wall: Sabao.

Two hand banana. Gone.

(And Aunt, she like the ripe one ah?

Yellow banana, gone.)

Mom go two house down, kōkua.

She bring back half singcamas, two piece kangkanen.

One, two hand banana, gone.

*K, nuff already. Save what's left.*

Good friends drop by.

Half singcamas, two kangkanen, big bowl soup, two eggs . . .

Plus the rest of the bananas. Gone, all gone.

Night, dinner.  
Muku moon, once white like bone.  
Red dirt is free, mahalo.  
Mahalo, eat what get.

Get one knock at the door.  
Good friends came back  
*Just dropping off, no can stay.*

Smoke meat,  
dry fish,  
lū'au.

How much we can eat from one banana tree?  
If you only counting bananas, none.

**Simon Seisho Tajiri** is thankful to belong to Lānaʻi, an island perfect in the calm.